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MUSICIAN'S REVIEW

DEVOTED TO MUSIC AND ART.

Vol. IX.

NOVEMBER, 1886.

No. 11.

TONE POWER.

T is not improbable that one of the greatest discoveries of the near future will be that it is the science of sound which moves the world, and in fact the whole system of the universe, with all that it contains. Mr. Keeley, of motor fame, claims to start and regulate the vibratory engine by the sound produced with a fiddle-bow drawn across a magnet, and seems to be likely that Keeley has discovered a force of some kind which he has not the scientific knowledge to understand or control. A nice of Darwin (Mrs. Hughes), writing upon the evolution of species and forms, advances a theory derived from empirical studies which correspond with those demonstrated by Mr. Keeley, says: "I firmly believe that exactly the same laws as those which develop sound, keep the species in their forms, and that these laws are the laws in sound. My great desire is for some philosophical mind to take up my views, as entirely gained from the Scriptures; and I am certain they will be found to be the laws developing every natural science throughout the universe."—American Musician.

A MUSICAL EXPERIMENT ON ELEPHANTS.

*M*USICAL influence on animals in the experiment at the *Jardin des Plantes* of Paris, at the commencement of this century. A concert was given to the elephants, and a great success, and the musical artist of Paris, mostly attached to the celebrated Conservatory of Music. The orchestra was placed out of sight of the animals. The elephants were named—*the male Hans*, the *female Marguerite*. All was ready; a profound silence reigned around; the door which concealed the animals was open above them without noise, and the concert began with a short little piece of variations for violin and bass in B major, of a moderate character. Scarce had the first chords been heard, when Hans and Marguerite gave ear, and burst out with a wild狂喜, and then began to stamp their feet, and to beat their trunks, as if they had not room for their pleasure and wished to extend its limits. Piercing cries and whistlings escaped them at intervals. Was this joy or anger? The bandmaster, who had been present, said: "This passion was calmed, or rather changed its object with the air, 'Oh ! ma tendre musette,' performed in C major, on the bassoon, with out any violence. The silent and tender melody of this romance, rendered yet more touching by the melancholy accents of the bassoon, drew them as by a sort of enchantment. They moved a few steps, stopped to listen, came and placed themselves under the orchestra, swaying their

trunks gently, and seemed to breathe emanations of love. It is to be remarked that during the whole of this air, and not after a single cry; their movements were slow, measured, and seemed to participate in the gay and lively accents of 'Ca ira.' When the band had finished their transports, by their cries of joy, sometimes deep, sometimes sharp, but always varied in intonation; by their whistlings at their coming and going, and their voices, it was driving them to that ceaseless, and forcing them to go along as itself. But happily the invisible power which had brought the trouble to their ears was also able to appear in the band, the harmonies, and voices, singing an adagio from the opera "Dandaneus," came to calm the violence of their movements.—*Lambesson*.

THE SIAMESE NATIONAL HYMN.

*M*USICAL on the subject of national hymns, written H. Froehne in the last issue of "The Musical Times," the following amusing incident, related by the late Mr. Markus, bandmaster of the Royal Statesman (the Vicere's band) at Batavia, may be of some interest to your readers. In 1852, when the King of Siam (King Trop) was received to call at Batavia before the time of his coronation, all preparations were made; the King of Holland had given orders that his Siamese Majesty should be received with royal honors, and the band expected to play. Mr. Markus, however, anticipated that, as usual, the band would take a prominent part in the ceremonies, and that, no doubt, among other things, the Siamese National Hymn would be required. On one occasion he had heard of a hymn; but the Conductor, reciting it the same time before, a music publisher at Rotterdam had advertised a volume containing a piano forte arrangement of a national hymn of every country; and it was assumed to be the Siamese Hymn among the others. Although Mr. Markus had some slight misgivings regarding the genuineness of the piece, he arranged it for his orchestra. It was a somewhat outlandish character, he trusted to his good luck to have found the right thing.

Shortly before the King's arrival, the official program of his reception was published, and Mr. Markus saw that on the King's entry he would have to play the Dutch National Hymn. Not liking to have his light hidden under a bushel, he went to Government House and asked for explanation. He was told that an appropriate even for the Siamese Hymn, the most appropriate tune would be the Dutch National Melody. Mr. Markus replied that he had prepared the Siamese Hymn, and that his band would play it on the occasion of the King's arrival. The Conductor was much pleased to hear this and said he believed the King would consider it a very polite attention. There was a review at the Casino the next day, and the Siamese Hymn was said to be first to be repeated twice, and delighted everyone present.

At last the King arrived. The Governor, with a brilliant staff, went on board the Royal yacht to meet him. The King was received by an excellently trained Siamese band saluted them with the Dutch Hymn. After the exchange of official civilities, one of the officers expressed his admiration of the performance of the Dutch Hymn by the Siamese band, and asked if he might be permitted to hear the Siamese Hymn also. This request, however, could not be complied with, as, up to that time, none of the European bandmasters had succeeded in harmonizing that strange tune according

to European harmonic laws. The Governor, however, remarked that his bandmaster had succeeded in writing an arrangement of a piece to give His Majesty a landing with the Siamese Hymn arrangement for European instruments. The King was surprised and much pleased. He said it had long been his great wish to hear his native melody played by an European band, and he should be glad to be allowed to have copies made out at once for his own band.

The next morning the King came on shore. The band was standing in front of Government House, and as the King's carriage came near, the Siamese Hymn was struck up; it sounded beautiful in the clear, still morning air, causing a feeling of profound satisfaction. Mr. Markus, in the carriage, found the King standing at the Conductor, which the latter took for a sign of the excellent effect the hymn had produced on His Majesty. In the evening Mr. Markus went to Government House, and found the King in his study. It was told that the Chamberlain had already enquired several times after him. He went at once to that gentleman, whom he found in great agitation. "For heaven's sake, my dear Mr. Markus, said he, 'what have you done? The King is much annoyed; in fact, he thinks a trick has been played on him. After being told yesterday that our band would salute him with the Siamese melody, he hears to-day a single note of the Siamese Hymn in it! Tell me what you can do to get out of this predicament, and wipe off the bad impression which the band has made? More than a hundred thousand francs are at stake here; you got that fictitious tune from—' After the perplexed Conductor had explained to him what we know already, he asked him to obtain the King's permission to play the Melody to him, and said, 'If he would try to obtain them from the native musicians the genuine melody, and, if possible, arrange it for performance at the grand parade which was to take place the day after tomorrow. The Chamberlain, so enraged by his shoulder, but promised to obtain the necessary permission.'

There was now no time to be lost. Early the next morning Mr. Markus went on board the yacht, and set an instant to make the necessary arrangements. At first they were unwilling to comply with his request, but when he explained that he did not wish to hear a complete performance, but merely to have the melody played to him, a clarinet player who had been present at the performance, had written down the melody quickly, returned on shore, and set to work to harmonize it. It was a difficult problem, but after several unsuccessful attempts he composed it for the band, and for his orchestra, and handed the score to an experienced copyist. Next morning at six o'clock the band met, and although they had only just time to go through the piece once, every one was in much with the strange score, but harmonized character of the music. Punctually at seven o'clock the King, accompanied by the Governor and suite, drove to the parade-ground, and Mr. Markus, for the second time, led his band to the Siamese Hymn. In his anxiety he hardly dared to look up at the procession. His musical honor seemed to him to depend on the success of the tune, but he was sure that the King would be satisfied with his impression, for in passing he took his hat off three times. The Chamberlain also, who passed with the Crown Prince in another carriage, nodded approvingly. Mr. Markus, however, was nervous, and at a Siamese banquet, and after the band had played a couple of pieces the King desired to hear the hymn again. It was played, and he and the whole assembly were standing. Mr. Markus concluded by saying, "Rarely have anything so much given me more anxiety than the Siamese National Hymn." As a reward, Mr. Markus received from the King the Order of the Siamese Crown, and the band a present of one thousand dollars.

Kunkel's Musical Review

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612 OLIVE STREET, ST. LOUIS.

I. D. FOULON, A.M., LL.B., EDITOR.

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NATIONAL OPERA.

THE impression is general among the lovers of opera in this country that Mrs. Thurber is the first person who has endeavored to establish a national opera and school of opera in the United States. Such, however, is not the fact. It was only a few years ago, that the idea of having a national school of opera and school of music was being discussed by musical leaders in New Yorkers. Nor did they stop at mere discussions. During the session of the New York legislature of 1881-1882 they obtained a charter for the Academy of Music whose purposes were in the said charter expressed to be "cultivating a taste for music by concerts, operas and other entertainments, which shall be accessible to the public at a moderate charge; by furnishing facilities for instruction in music, and by rewards of prizes for the best musical compositions."

Great expectations were raised in the breasts of the friends of the enterprise, when the Academy building, erected at a cost of \$350,000, was completed. The press of New York was enthusiastic. "It may yet come to pass," said the *New York Tribune*, "that art, in all its ramifications, may be much more easily popularized among the middle classes in this country than in any other country in the world."

In January, 1885, Ole Bull, then manager of the Academy offered American Composers a prize of one thousand dollars for the best opera upon a strictly American subject. The opening

paragraph of his announcement was as follows: "The undersigned, lessee and manager of the Academy of Music, desiring to carry out both the letter and the spirit of the charter granted by the State legislature to the above establishment, has determined, as far as is in his power to make the Academy of Music not alone a house of refined and intellectual amusement, but also a place of citizens may resort with comfort, but also an *academy in reality, whose principal object shall be the encouragement, the development and elevation of American art and artists.*"

Surely, nothing could be more "national" and nationally patriotic than the plan of the famous violinist who had identified himself with the enterprise and proved his earnestness and honesty by investing largely his own capital as well as his time and labors in the new venture. The people and the press seemed enthusiastic, everything appeared to assure success and yet, but a few months later, Bull was bankrupted, and American art and artists were left without the protecting care of the Academy of Music.

This precedent is not an encouraging one for the friends of the National School of Opera to which the liberality of Mrs. Thurber has given birth. Of course, one must take into consideration the fact that thirty years have vastly increased the musical culture, as well as the numbers of our people, and it may be said, with least apparent truth, that the times have so changed that what was then impossible has now become easy. The present enterprise weathered through one season with fair success and has begun the second under favorable circumstances. Let us hope it may be more and more successful. But it is neither to attempt to conceal the fact that what measure of success has been attained is solely in the presentation of foreign operas very largely by foreign singers and a foreign orchestra. So far, about the only thing that has been really American about the "National" Opera enterprise has been the money which Mrs. Thurber and others have furnished. We do not say, for we do not believe it, that it could very well have been otherwise at first. Indeed we do not pretend to here discuss the question of the more or less un-American character of the undertaking, so far as it has developed. We simply note what has been accomplished in order to pass beyond and call the attention of those interested (and that should be the entire opera loving public of America) to what seems to us a radical mistake in the plan by which the existence of the National School of Opera is made dependent upon the permanency of the opera enterprise.

It is easy to understand, of course, how the promoters of the two "national opera" enterprises hit upon the idea of organically uniting the stage and the school of opera. The stage, they thought, would create a demand for singers and actors which the school would supply. The stage would itself become a school and afford an opportunity to meritorious American *abutants* and *debutantes* to be heard under favorable auspices. The plan looks well—on paper. The entire history of opera in all countries, however, is that the longest lived operatic managements have lasted but a few years, even with the aid of government subsidies. Is it to be expected that in this country such undertakings will fare better? But the *sine qua non* of success in important schools is their permanency. There are good reasons for this which it is useless to discuss in this connection. It is sufficient here to note the fact which is undeniable. The being true, however, does not make it foolish to suppose that the very existence of a school of opera contingent upon the continuance of a management which is likely to be superseded by another within a few brief seasons? It may be said, by the over-sanguine, that there is no danger of a break in the continuity of the man-

agement of this particular operatic venture. If that were so, the risk would remain that it would be liable to be undertaken by prospective students of that fact, and that the erroneous impression that the school was but ephemeral would be quite as effective in keeping them away as the proven fact itself. Again, if we understand the plan, the leading artists of the operatic troupe are to be the teachers in the school. Here again there seems to be an irreconcilable conflict. The opera going public want constant change—new faces, new voices. If these are not had, if new stars are not made to rise in the operatic firmament by the prudent manager, the public abandon him. But if new teachers are provided from season to season (granting even, what is not true, that eminent artists would necessarily be eminent teachers) where would be the system in the instruction and where that reputation, based upon results, of this or that teacher, which alone can bring any considerable number of desirable students to the institution?

The educational side of the school have so far, we believe, been nothing and they are not likely to be any more in the future, so long as the school is run upon the present plan. Whatever the fate of the operatic enterprise, the school annex, thereto, cannot but be a failure. The fact is, we believe, that no school of opera can thrive as an annex to an opera troupe. If the National School of opera is to succeed, it must be as an independent enterprise. In other words, it must breathe its own breath and live its own life. Mutual helpfulness, if you will, the affection that exists between mother and child may well exist between these two institutions, but all umbilical connections must cease between them, or death will seize upon at least one, if not both.

If then an independent endowment and a permanent corps of teachers are just as necessary to the success of a school of opera as to that of a college or university, why may we not divorce the two enterprises? The school could then be a permanent fixture that would not only attract large numbers of students to its portals, but would make it the mother-hive from which successive operatic swarms could take their flight, to succeed perhaps or perhaps to fail, but succeeding or failing without seriously impairing the strength or prosperity of the original stock?

OT A few of our exchanges are going rough-shod for the American Opera Company. Criticism is one thing, and—will is another, and it seems to us quite evident that the former is quite as much of the latter as of the former expressed by the articles in question. Undoubtedly, there are many things to criticize in the organization and management of the American Opera Company. Undoubtedly (and we were among the first to state in these columns) Theodore Thomas is not the man that should be at the head of such an enterprise. Possibly a few more Americans might have been secured for its important roles, but when all that has been said, it remains that the idea of organizing a national opera and school of opera was an excellent one; that in the absence of competent American talent it is but right that talent should be imported; that in such an organization its *ensemble* is an all-important consideration, and that an excellent artist may not fit in with the rest of the company and for that reason should often be left out. Again, if Thomas is autocratic in the extreme, it is only of all autocrats that is probably unreasonable. Last, but not least, comes the consideration that this is the only American enterprise of the sort and that, if it fails, it will be many years before a similar undertaking is entered into. Give the American Opera a chance!

CHORON THE GOOD.

OUR CHORON! Who knows his name now-a-day? Alas, everybody has forgotten him—probably because he did only good! Gratefulness, that memory of the heart, is but little practiced by nations. They remember much better those who did them wrong, or rather those that those who do them only good: it is easier to remember a cyclone or an overflow that has spread devastation than the peaceful days of sunshine that have brightened the progress of an entire country. None is better known than Trajan. Hardly do the names of a few men survive the century of their birth, nor is it always the greatest or the worthiest that escape oblivion. I wrote above the name of Choron. It was famous fifty years ago, but who remembers it to-day? No one!

It is in order to right this wrong of fate or of public opinion that I would like to say that Choron, a good—should perhaps say Choron the great, but I would rather make you love him than speak of his glory. Hence I adhere to my title. Alexandre Choron was born at Caen, Normandy, where he first filled the office of superintendent of printing of taxes. Like all those who are endowed with genius for the fine arts, Choron in early youth exhibited a great predilection for the art of singing. He was a boy of twelve when he heard what they called foolish art noises, and he was entered as a student at the college of Juilly and later at the polytechnic school from which he graduated with high honors. Choron was a good boy, but, carried away by an irresistible vocation, he deserted in his resignation and thereby incurred the enmity of his family. His poverty then compelled him to take refuge in a garret where, living on next to nothing, he devoted himself enthusiastically to the art he cherished.

He was twenty-five years of age when he made the acquaintance of Grétry, who advised him to take lessons at the school of Choron, who had given him a good education, the most eminent teacher of singing of his time—I might say that century, in spite of the Directors of the *Conservatoire*, who relentlessly pursued him with their jealousy.

Among the institutions that owed their birth to the munificence of the Restoration that regenerated French art, the school of Choron was destined for war against the Empire, one of the most remarkable and useful was the Classical School of Music, founded in 1814, and whose direction was entrusted to Choron. This school, extremely popular in its character, spread over a large area, knew the musical art through all classes of French society, and to it due the musical feeling that is met with to-day, even among the lowest classes of the French people.

Choron took his pupils wherever he could find a promising subject—in the workshops of the capital—but mostly villages and hamlets. He took extensive trips over the country, and, in order not to be left behind, had of entering all schools, he chose, upon the information of the teacher, the best singers among those unkempt and much frightened little fellows. "Come, you good boy, sing me something, it matters what," he said to the youngster. "Iu clair de la lune," anything?" The younger opened his eyes very wide but kept his mouth tightly closed. Choron pinched him, and, soothed himself and at last coaxed him out to sing. "Well! Well! done well! Indeed, my boy, you have an excellent voice and your fortune is made!" he would frequently exclaim. And he would say to Paris with a decided smile, "I have a good boy in my school, and he wears wooden shoes whom he introduced to his assistant teacher, saying: "Gentlemen, these are the hope of France!"

These words raised a laugh at first, although Choron took them very seriously, but the future showed that he was not mistaken, for during nearly thirty years all the principal vocal artists of France and of the world were pupils of Choron's school.

Now, this school, though it had good man, he was short, fat, with very delicate features and an open and expressive countenance, which was especially noticeable for its beaming expression. He never liked it when it was attempted to make him hop along singing or whistling, stopping suddenly to think for an instant, then resuming his flight but reaching his destination only after having made a performance. His movements were jerky, but he spoke rapidly and well, was a man of much wit and of great learning.

One day he reached his school out of breath, and called for his principal pupils. "Come, boys, said to them, there is nowhere the ministry of the interior has been changed. Mr. de Lauriston is its chief, and he is very ill disposed towards us, for he

talks of suppressing our school. I have, however, with a great deal of trouble obtained from him the promise that before taking this step he would listen to your singing. I shall therefore take you to his office to-night, so then by tomorrow our common future depends upon you. Sing, sing, sing, and you will not resist!—No! he cannot resist—and the Conservatoire will be angry he hoped, he could not be sang—He continued, "all will go well, I am sure of it! Now, brush your coats, black your boots, polish your buttons, be shining, bright, glittering, dazzling, and—don't be too noisy, you may wake the neighbors. You shall have a glass of madeira just before you start—to give you strength—and courage! Now, go!" And the young men went out feeling somewhat anxious.

It is even more remarkable that in an immense three-story hall of the day, with well-brushed cloths and boots and buttons polished according to the recommendations of the master, wended their way toward the minister's. It was a beautiful afternoon in summer. The young choristers made light upon the tops of the trees whose dark shadows seemed like blots on the earth, seemed to gaze at them most saucily, and Choron, full of anxiety about the result, led his young charges, his head walked along silently. The young virtuous, there were four of them, each carrying a large roll of music, feeling the importance of the part they were about to play, began to look confident in themselves, and hence the stillness was now and then interrupted by a slight *roulade* attempted *mezzo voce* for the sake of practice or to clear a throat or perhaps to make the air more agreeable. They were in with the dread that they approached the minister's and this dread became a shudder when the usher on duty opening the door of a *salon* solemnly introduced: "Mr. Choron and his young choristers."

They were ushered into a very large and brilliantly lighted room in which were gathered "I two or

three hundred persons, the men in uniform, the ladies in blue, and to the right the minister, who was seated in the middle of the room, and the life of the aristocracy was the minister's *salon*. A gentleman dressed in blue and wearing the insignia of St. Louis and of the Legion of Honor came slowly to meet them. It was Mr. de Lauriston, who, with a smile, said somewhat haughtily: "Are those all your pupils, sir?"

"Yes, Your Excellency," answered with dignity Choron who felt somewhat embarrassed by a question in which he did not feel he deserved to be asked. "My school numbers many pupils. The four whom I have the honor of presenting here are representatives of the advanced class. The hope of France."

"Ah, sounds! The hope of France! That's quite another thing!" said the minister, smiling, and his hilariously was shared in by all those who surrounded him.

"Yes, Your Excellency will judge of their merit," replied Choron, without noticing the general hilarity. And going to the piano, followed by his pupils, he opened it, prepared lightly, then: "Come, Duprez, Sendo, and Dietrich, sing for us!" The poor boys and two young men, much abashed, but still quite determined to do their best for themselves, their teacher and their school, began, trying to overcome the silence.

A silence that to the young artists seemed frightful had taken the place of the confused buzzing of the company whose eyes were riveted upon the two champions, to pass judgment upon them, but the young men did not notice it. The poor boys and Choron himself were affected by this almost hostile coldness and their powers were lessened thereby. But Duprez and Sendo had seraphic voices; after the first note, the young men, who were still passing through the *salon*, then the young singers, seeing that they were appreciated, felt their lungs dilate. Their style grew more elevated, their voice grew steadier and rarer, and suddenly the piano and the accompaniment of the master. They sang with their hearts and souls and when they stopped a thunder of applause told them that they had never been heard but understood that their case was safe.

"Oh, what!—Delightful! Raving!—Magnificent!" were the enthusiastic expressions heard on all sides.

"Of course, magnificent!" cried Choron, loud as all, his eyes full of tears, and in a voice made unnecessary by emotion. "Did not tell you they were the *hope of France*?" "Come, boys, something else!" And in an undertone, smiling and laughing with pride and joy: "All goes well! France is saved!"

They sang again and repeated whatever was asked of them, and left the ministerial residence

only after midnight, more joyful than they had come. The school was kept up and from that time on Choron's pupils were jokingly called "The hope of France."

But, after the revolution of 1830, Choron's great school that had furnished such eminent singers and teachers as Duprez, Sendo, Dietrich, Mme. Stoltz, Mlle. Duperron, and a hundred other illustrious artists was at last sacrificed to the jealousy of the Conservatoire, which, in order to get rid of it, was that it bore the name of "Royal school of religious music," and then as now they would have nothing religious in the government.

Choron, ill, was lying in the wreck of the monarchy. The revolutionary wave that was about to cast upon the throne the son of a regicide drowned at once *Orpheus*'s lyre and *Saint Louis'* scepter, and the decree of the government of July 1830 suppressed his school gave Choron his death blow.

Choron ill, received proposals from Lord Cunningham to establish a similar school in England, but he declined them, and died soon afterwards in the arms of Duprez and Mlle. Duperron.

COUNT A. DE VEVINS.

THE COMPOSER OF "FAUST."

 H. R. GOUNOD, who spends four or five weeks every summer at Ostend, is thus described by a correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*:

"Gounod, who in spite of his sixty-eight years, is a very active man, commands on in his personal appearance a little of

Victor Hugo, although he was not nearly so reserved as was the hermit of Jersey. Even the smallest black velvet cap did not detract from the composer of *Faust*, who is busy at work revising his older compositions. We had scarcely been introduced to him as Germans when he began descanting on the glory of Beethoven and Mozart, growing more and more absorbed in the presence and manner, and characteristic traits of these great masters. Gounod had studied thoroughly, in Vienna, Atraria's collection of manuscripts. Beethoven and Mozart had dedicated him Beethoven and Mozart's six or seven pages with notes and erasures before he found the first bars of his *Fifth Symphony*. After he had decided on them, he wrote the first lines in a large, very bold hand, if I say it must remain. With Mozart, on the other hand, 'that son of God,' who at the age of twelve knew all that he needed to know, everything flowed from the pen as if by supernatural inspiration, and remained unchanged."

THE CHAMPIONS.

 AFTER winning the championship in the American Association of Base Ball, the "Dolphins," champion of the American League, for the Championship of the World, and defeated them in four out of six games. They also won the title when trying, the League championship from the St. Louis League club. Three championships in one season is unprecedented in the history of the national game. The Browns have been "wined and dined,"

but we, however, that, in complimenting the players, the fact has, to some extent, been lost sight of that to Mr. Von der Ahe is due the greater share of the credit for the success. It was he who finally gave life to the Association that was he who brought together the club that has won these honors for itself and for St. Louis. When, some three years ago, Lucas organized his players, "Vine Addams," he gathered around him all the ignoramus in base ball matters rallied to his standard, entailing large loss to the manager of the "Browns," Mr. Von der Ahe stood his ground. When, later, the League, the Browns, and the players, presented the admission of the Lucas club to its own ranks, he knew how to bide his time and wait for the demonstration of the inferiority of the latter club when pitted against the "Browns." He was not slow in his search for the "Browns," thus propelling their speedy disbandment, but he never faltered, and went on spending his money judiciously but liberally, to secure the best players. The result was that he was, and in him had his reward in large receipts, and in the knowledge that his efforts to secure the champion club have been successful, but he deserves more at the hands of his fellow players, for they have, however, to repeat it, the larger share of the credit for the success obtained, and is fairly entitled to the title of The World's Champion Manager of the Base-Ball Champions of the World.

yet secure. Only a few weeks ago, in Paris, dining with the composer of *Le Cid* and Albert Wolff, and recalling those Sundays at Dord's the musician said with a touch of sadness in his voice: "Alas we are not able to go to the church."

Madame Dord, the mother, was always present at these charming reunions, but all those celebrated personages that came and went had no real existence for her—she lived only for her Gustave who had died in 1875, and for her only son, Gustave, her son, and this maternal tenderness was reciprocated. The great artist seemed to have fashioned his whole life so as to avoid causing the least anxiety to his mother, known as Madame Dord. Dord never slept while her great, celebrated boy was absent; and from his twentieth to his fiftieth year, when Gustave was in the city, he never passed a day away from home. When he came, he had to traverse his mother's room in order to reach his own bed which was in the next room. When Gustave got into bed, the mother would come to him, kiss his bed clothes, and old France, the faithful nurse who had tended him from infancy, would bring him a bowl of something nice and warm, after which both bade good night to their beloved child. Gustave gave them play-tricks and fun. When he awoke in the morning he awoke so often and stole away to the studio to satisfy the tireless mental energies of that mind so phenomenal in its brilliancy and its fertility of resources. Gustave, the friend of art, attributed his early death to the fatigue and excitement of such labor.

Among the company was a young writer who came frequently to the studio. He had songs in vain to win the favor of the famous, and being in need, was recounting his misfortunes to Dord, who, after listening a moment, said:

"My good fellow, I fear you are hag-begging me for a song, and that you are not sticking out of your pocket. I advise you to take better care of your money or some one will steal it." The friend was astonished on looking to find the money actually in his pocket. His pocket, however, had slipped into it while they were talking. No comrade in distress ever appealed to him in vain. I might cite the instance of one painter whom Dord saved from certain death by the hands of a 6,000 francs from one at a time. Many similar incidents might be told, for truly there never beat a kinder or better heart than that of Gustave Dord.

At least year ago, in the bright repose of the beautiful summer before the mighty storm which portrays the hellish Nazarene entering the city of Jerusalem, the scenes of the artist's house all came, so ready is memory to play its tricks for, got a good deal of satisfaction in the conversion in sound tones, but instead I heard those angels floating under the lofty arch of Herod singing their songs of triumph, only they were Patri songs instead of mere canticles. The scene of distant rumbling of the iron cables were furnished a subdued accompaniment in my brain. The afternoon passed, visitors, in groups and singly, studied the great picture, and then we all went out again into the world, each carrying in his own gleaming of pleasure and profit of reflection and memory.

THE "WESTERN WATCHMAN" ON MUSIC, "KUNKEL'S ROYAL EDITION," ETC.

WHAT the Church is the mother of modern music is a fact which even her enemies admit. For the days of her infamy, the days of the cross that has inspired the noblest monuments of the art of tones. Yet it has been a common custom, until the part of the opinion of our divine author, that those

musical instruction there given was inferior to that which could be had in other institutions. Without admitting that this is a fact, it can be denied that there was not a few of these institutions, the musical instruction given fell short of the high requirements of the present advanced standard of musical education, and we took occasion some years since to call the attention of the musical teachers to this state of affairs. Any one who has watched the work of our institutions of late must have noticed a great improvement in music. The programmes of their concerts compare favorably with the best known musical institutions of the country. Their programmes are executed with an artistic finish which speaks volumes for both teachers and pupils. Our good sisters have become critical and only the very best attain the favor of our friends. It is a well-known fact that the very best edition of those piano works that have become classical is that issued by Kunkel Brothers of this city under the title of "Kunkel's Royal Edition"—an edition

which the best piano writers and teachers of both hemispheres have been employed to edit—and we were highly pleased recently in finding that in the concert schools of St. Louis this edition has been adopted by all others. Once the sisters informed us that to her certain knowledge many of their sister institutions were quite as critical in their selection of the best. Wishing to get outside of the city, we went to the country, and on our way to Mr. Charles Kunkel, of Kunkel Brothers, and asked him what he thought of the present state of music in our conventional schools. "There has," he replied, "been a great improvement in the last five years. The demand for trash has almost ceased while the purchases of the better class of music have more than trebled." Calling to one of his clerks he had the brochures of the books on the shelf. "Here," said he, "we have some three or four hundred convents, from Maine to California, that deal with us. Do you see all these items marked 'royal'—those are ours? Our 'royal' edition is the only one that is really standard pieces. The fact that not only these pieces are chosen but that this edition is selected shows that in these institutions the music is in competent hands. It shows that at least that the music is in the hands of a select few, for you know that a penny saved is a penny earned," for you know that we furnish this magnificent edition to schools and teachers at extremely low rates. "The world now," said he, "has improved and our good sisters are right to follow the wake of the early disciples, especially when, in so doing, they subserve the interests of the education of the young. The music of the world is care. Simple inquiries made by us from other music dealers and publishers met with similar answers. All agreed that the standard of musical excellence had been, and was being, very materially elevated of late years. All agreed that the concert schools were, in music, now fully abreast of any others, and several assured us that they were far ahead of the large majority of seminaries and academies. The same inquiry was made in the city of affairs. If so much has been done in the recent past, how much more can be accomplished in the future! Let the good work go on, for it is a great satisfaction to know that art which above all others owns its existence to the inspiration of the Christian faith and its progress to the protecting care of the Church.

NEW REASONS FOR OLD SONGS.

WE CELEBRATED composer once lost his way in a dark forest, where he found himself on a path leading to what he saw was a large edifice in the distance. Meeting a person on his path, he inquired his way, but the man made no response. After a short time, however, the meeting took place, and also with six other he met. He was at a loss to account for this until he came to the building, where he could read the sign, "Asylum for Destitutes." This he explained it was, and at once sat down and wrote *We Never Speak By Ease*.

Beethoven was once met during a heavy shower by a friend who was protected from the elements by his umbrella, "Under your umbrella," said the latter. The great master at once composed the song, *Wait Till The Clouds Roll By*.

A composer of eminence being told that his music was considered trashy, and that he had better "turn over a new leaf," at once wrote *When the Leaves Begin to Turn*.

Franz Abt once travelled upon a railroad where he had to walk five miles for a meal, for there was nothing in which to eat or drink. Observing the famine gulps made by his fellow-travelers to get their money's worth in the limited time he spontaneously composed *When the Steadfast Homeward Fly*. He was once asked by a man to eat with him, and was invited to dine with them. The young man, while carving the turkey, was so abstractedly gazing at his sweetheart that he sent the goblet of wine he had been drinking to his host, which caused seven streams of gravy to run over his face. Guglielmo left without eating anything and went home and composed *The Lover and the Partner*.

One day a man, a partner to a partner at who revolved when diamonds were sold. Sullivan, after looking all over the house for a piece of twine to tie a bundle with, sat down in a furious passion and evolved *The Lost Chord*.—Ex.

A SONG OF REST.

O weary Hand! that all the day,
Were set to labor hard and long,
Now softly fall the shadows gray,
The sun is down, the day is gone,
An hour ago the golden sun
Sank slowly down into the west,
Now rests the world in peace,
'Tis time for rest!—'tis time for rest!

O weary Feet! that many a mile
Have trudged along a stony way,
All day in heat and sun and sile,
No longer fear to go astray,
The gently bending, rustling trees,
Rock and stone, the birds that sing,
And softly sing the quiet breeze;
'Tis time for rest!—'tis time for rest!

O weary Eyes! from which the tears
Fall like rain, and the eyes are sore,
O weary Heart! that through the years
Beat with such bitter, restless pain,
To day the heart is weary, sore,
And know, what Heaven shall send is best;
Lay down the load of weariness;
Lay down the load of weariness;
Lay down the load of weariness;

—FLORENCE TYLER in *Visitors*.

In another column will be found the advertisement of a hotel in which gets popular with the fancy party *Hotel de la Paix* in St. Louis. The regular traveler for an eastern piano house who stopped at the hotel during his stay in the city, and who, in his report, said that he had written a poem—"using 'in vain' the names of several of the regular boarders." Through the kindness of Mr. Koester he has sent us an enlarged edition of the poem "drummed" but have room for only a couple of samples:

He was lank and he was lean,
Only bones with skin between,
And Dystrophy was his name;
Night and day he went to bed,
Hartmann, said he, 'tell me, do,
How you get along?—
Vhy, when you'd get fitter,
You shall go and try to Koester!'

He was listless, pale to shrirk—
Yankee, said he, 'tell me, do,
'Ah, Judge Gottschalk, I am ill
Unto death—so dray my will,
Gottschalk, said he, 'tell me, do,
—Yes, but first come, dine with me!
Fatal blunder! he felt better,
Made no will—died with Koester.

Turk Pope has refused to allow any ornaments to be placed on Liszt's grave beyond an unpainted wooden cross bearing his name and the words "Omitte pro nobis."

REALISM IN ORGAN ACCOMPANIMENTS.

HIS subject is being discussed quite freely just now by our English friends. The following is from a late editorial in the *London Musical Standard*. It is full of good sound sense.

"We have always regarded as supremely ridiculous the efforts made by church organists to imitate the sounds of nature. The distance between the sixpenny toy fiddle of our children and an organ is so great that the voice of man's vast; but the distance between the thunder of God and the thunder made by putting down three pedal notes is infinite. We know an organ can never reach the 'thunder version' of the Psalms by closing at the two sides of the 10-ft. and shutting off the 'swell to great' and 'swell to pedal' couplers. When those verses come, he plays a leadenish music with the right hand on the floor, the right hand being on the right foot, and the latter member putting down six or seven adjacent notes at once! The thunder is gone as far as it goes, but it goes a ridiculous distance. The organ, with its great induction coil, can send a spark through several inches of hard wood; God's spark, in the shape of forked lightning, rives the massive oak of five hundred years, and in a twinkling of time reduces to ruins a ponderous pile of masonry which a hundred men were ten years in building. Do not try to imitate nature on a church organ—the effort is futile, the object itself is the result of degrading to the audience. We have always insisted on not working on God's earth that of the man who stands up to tell his brother men of the unwearying tenderness of the Father's love for the dust which His Son has come to save. The organ is the instrument of the Lord Christ over erring humanity; and next to that office, in nobleness and dignity, is that of the musician to whom it is entrusted the duty of making the organ a means of grace. Do not degrade your office by feeble efforts at the impossible! Do not bring yourself to the level of a charlatan by calling the attention of a whole congregation to yourself! Let the grand old words of King

David work their way into the hearts of the people, and help them to understand him by all the legitimate means at your disposal. If the "Paulist" composition is to be a success, it must not dictate stops of your choir organ; if he does not try to storm heaven's doors with loud-throated principals, fifteenth and mixtures, but reduce your voices to a whisper, then to a tone, then to a hushing to prayer; if he praises, "my strength and my salvation," draw every stop and coupler on your organ, and praise God as if you meant it. But away with the lavender griffins, and dumb thunders, toot storms, and all other attempts to call attention to your organ and yourself, while you should be laying low at the feet of the Master. On the other hand, is it not impudent to suppose that church it is gross impertinence. Rest assured that there are some worshipers who are trying to realize the presence of God; some who are not thinking of the presence of the Master. He has one hand and asking themselves? What am I, that Thou art mindful of me?" Do not come between these souls and their God, by going to show off your organ, hideous noise with which it makes not. Play the music before you with such expression as you are master of; the place whereto you stand is holy ground, and stage trickery, "wheely out" will spoil them. Ease your soul in its delirium of snare and utterly unworthy of the holy office you fill, and which you should adorn by bringing all your powers to bear upon the noble services to interpret which is your highest honor.

CHARLES FRADEL.

CHARLES FRADEL, pianist, teacher and composer, died at his residence in Tremont, New York, Sunday, Nov. 7, was interred on Wednesday at Fresh Pond, L. I., in accordance with his last wishes. Fradel had just passed his sixty-third year, ^{July 29, 1821} on Nov. 7, 1886. He came to New York nearly thirty years ago, and soon won a position name to him. He first studied with the famous author of "Teachert's Fundamental Harmonies, which is well known in America through C. C. Muller's translation. For some time he held a position as court pianist to the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and during his sojourn in Paris and London enjoyed the friendship and patronage of many royal and noble families. He was a favorite of the Emperor Richard Metternich, Prince Henry of Reuss Hohenlohe and Lichtenstein, the Baroness Nathaniel de Rothschild, Marchioness of Devonshire, etc. His playing, though not equal to that of a professional, was far above that of any amateur, and his questionings following the pen of Henry C. Watson, on Fradel's concert at Irving Hall, March 16, 1866, since which time he has rarely appeared in public, will be found in "Mr. Fradel" two selections from his own works, both elegant and charming compositions. He does not claim to be a concert performer, but he has never failed to win the admiration and approval of an accomplished artist. He throws character and changed expression into his performance, which give it a peculiar interest and make it a treat to the ear. He is a better pianist than many others who play a great deal more. He played a portion of his own Grand Polonaise, which is a spirited, melodious and characteristic composition, and which, though it was an unanimous encore, when he performed it, was not the best of his spirit-stirring dances, which pleased every one.

Fradel wrote hundreds of light pieces for the piano-forte, the majority of which have long since been forgotten; and very few of his compositions will last in his memory. The greater portion of them have been sold and he has never demanded that he should pay a visit to the publishers, for whom he wrote under many different names to supply a public demand in any groove that might be in the public's way.

His personal popularity with the public was maintained all through his life; and he never greeted his fellows without making some witty remark, or some jest. He was one of the shining lights of the musical and literary coteries that congregated at Pfaff's and Schwartz's fiftees or twenty years ago, and outlived them all. His boyish days, even when his person was most slender, were provincial. He was always a gay and light-hearted person in character, and hundreds of New York musicians will have some anecdote to relate of "Charlie" Fradel. *Am. Art Journal.*

Many a writer of notes languishes in prison. Put another man's name on the note, you see.

OUR MUSIC.

"CARMEN FANTASIA" *Paul.*
"This fantasia treats two of the best numbers of this meritorious opera. Probably those who have never seen the opera will fail to fully grasp the beauty of this arrangement. Those who have, however, will get from it a double enjoyment—that of reminiscence and that of the sense of development of the character, though choice Spanish melodies. The best judges give the palm of excellence among original fantasias to those of Paul.

"JULIA'S FAVORITE RONDO" *Sidus.*
Sidus has a happy faculty of dressing up dry, technical details in the most attractive style. This composition, if analyzed, will be found to contain a small amount of systematic technical work, but what might be called an exercise it is an exercise without the fitness of an exercise. The opening portion is particularly bright, while the trio is quite classical in style.

"CHARLIE'S FAVORITE POLKA" (Duet). *Sidus.*
This is another of Sidus' excellent compositions for the young. It has already been given to our readers as a solo. We now present it as a duet, in which form, of course, it makes more effect.

"DANSE RUSTIQUE" (Idyl) (Op. 23, No. 3). *Schulhoff.*
In the September issue we gave the author's "Chant du Berger" which is No. 1 of this same opus. Aside from its merit as a piece of music whose dash and brilliancy fit it specially for concert use, this composition is one of the best octave studies imaginable. This is a recent addition to the Royal Edition. By the way, Kunkel Brothers have just issued this opus in a new edition, with a new cover, and with very special prices to *teachers only*. If our friends of the music teaching profession have not seen it, they will do themselves a favor by sending for it. Sent free.

"LA FONTAINE" *Lysberg.*
This is probably the most celebrated of Lysberg's compositions, and justly so. The melody is full of inspiration and its development is most piano-like. Scholarly pianists will note that in the first section of the piece the bassoon part of the work in its original form have been removed. Others may regret that they do not meet the mistakes which familiarity has endeared to their ears. This is also an addition to Kunkel's Royal Edition. See what the best authorities on this country say about it, on the page just beyond the music.

"LOVE'S GLANCE" *Kroeger.*
Mr. Kroeger's compositions no longer need any introduction to our readers, who know that they are all meritorious, though, of course, not all suited to the tastes of every one. This is an excellent song for a medium voice. The first and last repetitions of the words are a newspaper waf, the middle part was concocted in the REVIEW rooms.

The pieces in this issue cost, in sheet form:

"CARMEN FANTASIA" <i>Paul</i>	\$.60
"JULIA'S FAVORITE RONDO" <i>Sidus</i>	35
"CHARLIE'S FAVORITE POLKA" (Duet) <i>Sidus</i>	60
"DANSE RUSTIQUE" (Op. 23, No. 3) <i>Schulhoff</i>	35
"LA FONTAINE" <i>Lysberg</i>	40
"LOVE'S GLANCE" <i>Kroeger</i>	50
Total \$2.80	

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Carmen

JEAN PAUL.

Allegro moderato. M. M. $\text{♩} = 126.$

espressivo.

rit. ard. a tempo.

Ped *Ped* *Ped* *

dim.

smor. zan. l.h. r.h. do r.h. l.h.

staccato.

Allegretto. M. M. $\text{♩} = 126.$

Piano sheet music for the Allegretto section. The music is in 4/4 time, M. M. (Measures per Minute) 126. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The music consists of five systems of staves. The right hand plays a continuous eighth-note pattern with various grace note markings (x, 1, 2, 3, 4) and dynamic markings (f, p, f, p). The left hand provides harmonic support with sustained notes and chords. Pedal points are marked with 'Ped' and asterisks (*). Measure numbers 1 through 16 are indicated above the staves.

Allegro. M. M. $\text{♩} = 122.$

Piano sheet music for the Allegro section. The music is in 6/8 time, M. M. 122. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The right hand plays a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a Tromba dynamic instruction. The left hand provides harmonic support. Measure numbers 17 through 23 are indicated above the staves.

The image shows a page of sheet music for piano, page 8. The music is divided into six staves. The first staff begins with a dynamic of *sf f* and includes a pedaling instruction. The second staff starts with a dynamic of *p*. The third staff contains a performance instruction "poco." followed by a dynamic of *a.* The fourth staff includes the lyrics "poco... cres... cen... do" with corresponding dynamics. The fifth staff begins with a dynamic of *sf ff*. The sixth staff concludes with a dynamic of *p*. The music features various fingerings (e.g., 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8) and rests, with some notes having horizontal lines above them. The key signature changes throughout the page, and the time signature is mostly common time.

2×2 3×2 3×2 3×3 2×2 3×2 4×2 4×4
 $2 \times$ 3×2 3×2 3×3 2×2 3×2 4×1 4×4
 1×1 1×1 1×4

cres een do
 or. $1 \times$ $2 \times$ 2×1 3×1

$1 \frac{1}{2} \times 4$ $1 \frac{1}{2} \times 4$ $1 \frac{1}{2} \times 4$
 1×4 1×4 1×4
 1×4 1×4 1×4

rit.
 Ped *

Allegro moderato. M.M. — 112.

ff
 Ped * Ped * Ped * Ped * Ped * Ped * Ped *

cantabile. 4×2 2×1 2×1 2×1
 3×2 2×1 2×1 2×1

Ped * Ped * Ped * Ped * Ped *

ff ff ff ff
 Ped * Ped * Ped * Ped * Ped *

The image shows a page of sheet music for piano, page 10. The music is arranged in four staves. The top two staves are in G major (two sharps) and the bottom two are in C major (no sharps or flats). The notation includes various dynamics like *p* (piano), *f* (forte), and *cres.* (crescendo), and articulations like *Ped* (pedal) and *staccato*. There are also performance instructions in Italian, such as *ben marcato il canto* and *staccato*. The music consists of complex patterns of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some measures featuring sixteenth-note figures and others eighth-note figures. The page number 10 is located in the bottom right corner of the page.

Grandioso.

JULIA'S FAVORITE RONDO.

Carl Sidus, Op. 108.

Allegretto $\text{C} = 108$.

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FINALE. Repeat Trio to Fine then repeat from the beginning to \mathbb{G} then go to the finale



CHARLIE'S FAVORITE POLKA.

Carl Sidus Op. 101.

Allegretto $\text{d} = 120.$

Secondo.

do re mi fa sol la si

f *p* *fz*

Ped.

do re mi fa sol la si

mf *f* *fz*

do re mi fa sol la si

p *cres.* *cres.* *do*

do re mi fa sol la si

p *fz*

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CHARLIE'S FAVORITE POLKA.

Carl Sidus Op. 101.

Primo.

Allegretto $\text{d} = 120.$

Secondo.

ff

mf *p* *mf* *p*

mf *p*

1. || 2.

mf *p*

FINALE. Repeat from the beginning to \mathfrak{G} then go to the finale

ff *ff*

Ped.

Secondo.

f

f

ff

mf

p

mf

p

mf

p

1. || 2.

f

p

f

mf

p

mf

f

FINALE. Repeat from the beginning to \mathfrak{G} then go to the finale

ff

ff

Ped.

Primo.

8

FINALE.

Repeat from the beginning to §: then go to the finale

8

DANSE RUSTIQUE.

IDIYLL.

J. Schulhoff Op 23. N° 3.

Virace quasi Presto. ♩ = 120.

The image shows a page of sheet music for piano, page 10. The music is arranged in five staves. The first staff begins with the instruction "Legato." The second staff starts with "B. d. *". The third staff begins with "B. d. *". The fourth staff starts with "B. d. *". The fifth staff begins with "B. d. *". The music consists of various notes and rests, with dynamics such as "ff", "f", and "ff sempre marcato." Fingerings are indicated by numbers above the notes. Performance instructions like "marcato il basso." and "sempre marcato." are also present. The page is filled with musical notation, including treble and bass clefs, and various time signatures.

8

p

cres.

ff

ff sempre

Fine.

LA FONTAINE.

IDYLLE.

Moderato. $\text{♩} = 80.$

Ch. B. Lysberg Op. 34.

poco a poco accelerando.

Andantino. $\text{♩} = 108.$

5

sonore il canto.

5

5

delicatamente.

5

poco a poco cres.

5

marcato il canto.

a tempo.

p *delicatamente.* *cres.* *f*

sempre più decres. *rit.*

LOVE'S GLANCE.

To Mr. George H. Wiseman.

Allegro vivo. ♩ = 132.

E. R. Kroeger.

It was not a word, It was on - ly a look from your

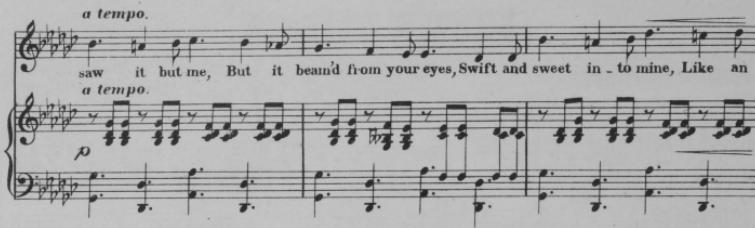
eyes true and clear As the wild mountain brook; Twas a look of such love, Of such

crescendo.

own - ership too, I for - got that the world held an - oth - er than you. None

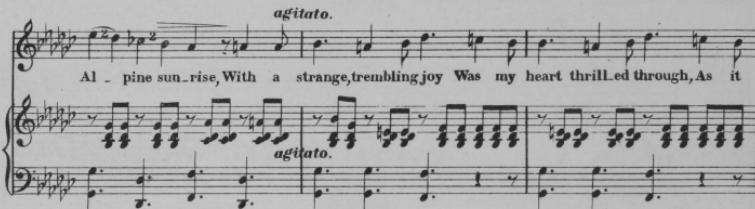
riten.

a tempo.



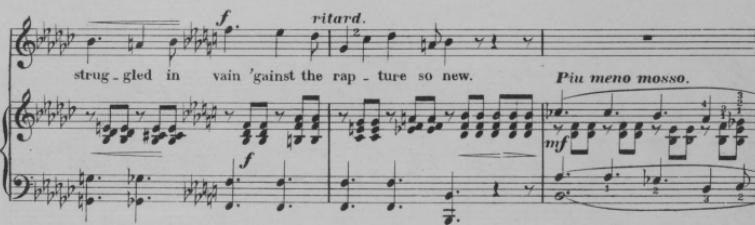
saw it but me, But it beam'd from your eyes, Swift and sweet in - to mine, Like an
a tempo.

agitato.



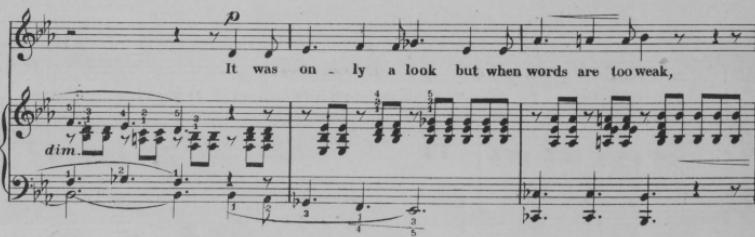
Al - pine sun - rise, With a strange, trem - bling joy Was my heart thrill - ed through, As it
agitato.

ritard.



strug - gled in vain 'gainst the rap - ture so new. *Piu meno mosso.*

dim.



It was on - ly a look but when words are too weak,

It is left for the eye loves own

dim.

lan - guage to speak Twas a glance from your eye, But a beam from your heart, Now 'tis

accel.

cresc.

cen - - - do *f* *rit.* *a tempo.* *mf*

pri - son'd in mine ney - er more to de - part. It was not a word, It was

a tempo.

cen - - - do rit.

on - ly a look! But twas ea - sy to read As it had been a book; So

ten - der so mas-ter-ing, With out touch or tone,..... It caught me, it held me, and

made me your own. So ten - der so mas-ter-ing With.out touch or tone,..... It

caught me, it held me, and made me your own.
a tempo.

What Competent Critics Say of Kunkel's Royal Edition.

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166 Tremont St., Boston, Sept. 15, 1886.

My dear Mr. Kunkel:

I have looked through quite a number of pieces in Kunkel's Royal Edition, and take pleasure in heartily endorsing the same. As far as fingering, phrasing and finguring are concerned, it is in every way most excellent, and everything that one can desire. I use it right along with my own pupils and can warmly recommend it to all teachers.

Yours sincerely,

LOUIS MAAS.

From the eminent Composer and Pianist,

E. R. KROEGER.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Sept. 9, 1886.

Messrs. Kunkel Bros.:

Gentlemen—Your "Royal Edition" is unquestionably worthy of ranking with Bülow's celebrated edition of Beethoven's Sonatas and Klindworth's edition of Chopin's Works, and the manner in which it is being fingered, phrased and accented with *ossias*, leaves nothing to be desired. The necessity for editions of this nature is constantly becoming more and more apparent to our best piano-forte teachers, and this edition is filling a long-felt want. It must certainly soon be as universally recognized and appreciated as it deserves.

Yours very truly,

ERNEST R. KROEGER.

From the eminent Pianists and Composers and Head Teachers of the Piano, Organ and Composition in the Boston Conservatory of Music,

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Messrs. Kunkel Bros.:

Gentlemen—We have adopted your "Royal Edition" for use in our classes. The fingering, phrasing and general notation are simply superb. We have critically compared a number of the pieces contained in it and "Sonate Pathétique," *Beethoven*, "Sonata No. 10," *Beethoven*, "La Fileuse," *Refr.*, "Invitation to the Dance," *Widor*, "Polonaise in E flat," *Liszt*, with the editions of these works published by Breitkopf & Härtel, Cramer & Koechlin, and can assure you that it is superior to them in every respect. We hope you will continue to add to its contents all the best known classical and good modern compositions, as editions of this kind lessen the task of both teacher and pupil. Your young ones will unquestionably secure that application of every good teacher in this country and in Europe.

Truly yours,

MARKS I. EPSTEIN.
ABRAHAM J. EPSTEIN.

St. Louis, Sept. 3, 1886.

From Boston's most eminent Musical Littérateur and Critic,

LOUIS C. ELSON.

Boston, Oct. 4th, 1886.

Messrs. Kunkel Bros.:

Allow me to thank you for the opportunity of examining some of the numbers of your "Royal Edition" of Classical and Standard piano works. It is probably the finest of American editions, at least nothing equal to it in printing annotations, and general correctness has never been seen by

Yours truly,

LOUIS C. ELSON.

From the great Pianist and Composer,
JULIE RIVE-KING.

My dear Mr. Kunkel:—I am much more pleased, I am delighted, with your "Royal Edition." It is in my humble opinion far superior to the best European editions. The excellent fingering, intelligent phrasing and great correctness of its different numbers, are a credit to the American enterprise of your house. I have no doubt you will thus be eventually repaid for the large sums you must have paid the revisors. I have missed my July number of your *Musical Review*, please supply me. I preserve the volumes. "Could not find house without it," you know.

Yours truly,

JULIE RIVE-KING.

NEW YORK, Aug. 25, 1886.

From Boston's great Pianist and Teacher,
CARLYLE PETERSILEA.

BOSTON, Oct. 30, 1886.

Dear Mr. Kunkel:

I have had occasion to use many selections from your "Royal Edition" and it gives me pleasure to say that I have used your editions with much more gratification and peace of mind than any other edition of the same works that I have used in my teaching. Yours truly,

CARLYLE PETERSILEA.

From the most distinguished Pianist, Composer and Teacher of the Northwest,
EMIL LIEBLING.

Seattle, Oct. 2, 1886.

Messrs. Kunkel Bros.:

Gentlemen—Your Royal Edition of standard pieces deserves the endorsement and encouragement of the best teachers in the country. It stands second to none, and excels most of the existing first-class editions in fingering, phrasing and correctness.

Faithfully yours,

EMIL LIEBLING.

CHICAGO, Sept. 2, 1886.

From the distinguished Musician, Teacher and Critic,
FRANZ BAUSEMER.

Metz, Kunkel Brothers.

Gentlemen—Your "Royal Edition" is in scope, method and execution a remarkable undertaking; it is a contribution to that steadily increasing class of corrective works which, owing to the existence thither to of the critical research and accurate pedagogics as Hans von Bülow and Carl Klindworth. The universal demand for such critical editions testifies to their necessity, and teachers who will not be satisfied in putting out the many excellent editions embodied in your work, and in organizing the great help it will lend them in their labor.

From a modest beginning, the Royal Edition has grown to proportions which give evidence that it will in time come to be the only standard work, but also the most complete of those writers of all schools and art-periods who in their best efforts have enriched the literature of the piano by works of lasting merit. That this catalogue of no little import will be readily appreciated by all experienced teachers, who know that diversity of matter is a chief factor for a healthy development, and the formation of sound judgment in any branch of art. The greatest usefulness of this edition will, however, be found in its didactic quality, its uniformity of method and system in fingering and phrasing, the elucidation of all difficult places, and the clear and correct representation of embossments and abbreviations, and it is here it must truthfully be said that every page in this edition demonstrates the special aptitude, the great experience and the discriminating carefulness of its authors and revisors. As regards correctness of treatment, of print and appearance in general, the Royal Edition is, indeed, without a rival. Yours truly,

FRANZ BAUSEMER.

St. Louis, Sept. 5, 1886.

From the great Composer, Pianist and Teacher of New York City,
WILLIAM MASON.

Messrs. Kunkel Bros.:

GENTLEMEN:—Please accept my thanks for the publication you sent me which, after considerable delay, reached me safely at last. You ask my opinion of the edition of Czerny's *Etudes de la Vélocité* (Royal Edition). I have examined it with interest, and think your suggestions and additions both practical and useful.

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM MASON,

From the renowned Composer and Teacher,

EUGENE THAYER.

Messrs. Kunkel Bros.:

DEAR SIR:—I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your edition of Czerny's *Vélocité Studien* (Royal Edition). It seems to me the best and most useful edition of these world renowned studies I have yet seen. The "ossia" arrangement for the left hand is most effective, for as you say in your preface, the left hand is often neglected. I wish all the students of pianos and organs in our country could be brought to realize the great advantage and benefit which would result if they would give their attention to studies of this kind. I wish you much success with your beautiful edition. Very truly,

EUGENE THAYER.

From the distinguished Critic, Composer and Teacher,
KARL KLAUSER.

FARMINGTON, CONN.

Messrs. Kunkel Bros.:

Your edition of Czerny's Studies of Velocity (Royal Edition), is received with thanks. I always have considered them very valuable and even interesting and useful. The revised fingering and the explanatory notes by Messrs. Baumer and Kunkel add to the usefulness of the work, and thus modified it forms an excellent introduction to Cramer—Bülow.

Yours very respectfully,

KARL KLAUSER.

From

ST. VINCENT'S SEMINARY.

St. Louis, October 8th, 1886.

Messrs. Kunkel Brothers:—We have used the "Royal Edition" for several years in our classes. It is all you can find for it. We shall take pleasure in calling the attention of our sister convents and academies to the same, both on account of its superiority and also of its being sold by you at one-half the price charged for the same works by other music publishers. Respectfully,

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From

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MADISON, IND., Sept. 29th, 1886.

Messrs. Kunkel Brothers:—We much appreciate your "Royal Edition." Please forward us your catalogue. Respectfully,

SISTERS OF PROVIDENCE.

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Messrs. Kunkel Brothers:—Respectfully Sirs—The music which I sent for arrived last Friday, and I must say that I am more than pleased with the "Royal Edition," and I shall try to send you all the orchestra can command.

Respectfully,

SISTER M. EUDOCIA.

From

ST. MARY'S INSTITUTE.

DAYTON, O., Oct. 7, 1886.

Messrs. Kunkel Brothers:—Sir—I have been using your "Royal Edition" for over a year, and it is far in advance of all others. It is a great aid to the teacher and a sure guide for the amateur.

Respectfully yours,

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CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSTON, Boston, October 23, 1886.

ERIKO KREMER, Musical Reviewer—After a few desultory concerts, at last we find ourselves in the thick of the season, with symphony concerts already begun and club concerts, chamber music, &c., in full swing.

The symphony concerts opened last week with the following programme: Overture (Euryanthe) by Liszt; Madame Butterfly, Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2 in D, Fr. Liszt; Symphony in A, first movement, by Liszt; Rhapsody in E flat, by Liszt; and a dante con moto. (Con moto moderato—Sarabande (Presto).)

I am glad that Mr. Gercke did not mind the comparison of his Lisztian efforts with those of Liszt himself, for it reminded me of the clergyman who had had had dinner for three consecutive days. The waiter, who had won the bet, came in, and the clergyman appeared. He sat down and at once began the meal. "Why, my dear!" said the anxious waiter, "you have not even a knife and fork." "I have," responded the husband. "I've asked the Lord to bless this old knife all I'm going to use in the new men in the orchestra (which has about 75 members) this season, but the most important is the harp player, who is a man of great ability, and the harpist who is a mere youth, but a wonderful player whose tone and style are unique. The harpist won the bet, and the harp was made in, or rather above, the stage, at the opening concert, in the shape of a huge sounding-board intended to impress the audience with the power of the instrument.

Mr. Gercke, the conductor, was received with much enthusiasm, this being his first appearance since his return from Europe. His first effort, the Lisztian Overture, was excellent, but certainly best in the Liszt Rhapsody, where all the difficulties of the piece were met and overcome, and brought out in a perfect manner. In this the flute did some excellent work, and the violin and cello were also well represented. The harp also had important work to do, and did it gloriously. The harp has become so regular an instrument in our symphony concerts that it is to be hoped it can rely upon good performances in future in such passages as the slow movement of the Lisztian symphony, and in the "Danse Macabre" of Gounod, and in the symphony by Liszt, and in the Concerto. With Syphon and other similar works with important harp passages, the piano concerto was also well done. The harp, however, is a difficult instrument, and the technique suits excellently to such a work. In octaves, trills, runs of sixteenth notes, and the like, the harp is incomparable, and in the ensemble of the entire work was perfect.

The only other concert of very recent date was a "Liszt Memorial Concert" at the New York Hall of Music, given by Mr. Otto Bendix, assisted by Signor Rotoli, both of the Faculty of the New York Conservatory. The programme was made up, entirely of the compositions and transcriptions of the dead master, and both songs and piano works were finely touched. The harp was also well represented. The harpist on Thursday evening some of the faculty give concerts which may not at all be equal to those of the harpist on Wednesday, but enough, when one thinks of the talent which is in the faculty, and which, therefore, is to be expected. The harp, however, is one of the few instruments available with sufficient of their right to attend these concerts free, and the audience, which was large, and the programme, which was a Liszt Memorial programme is to be repeated by the same artists down town at Bumstead Hall, next Monday, when a similar public meeting will be an opportunity of attending this tribute to Liszt, who, however, always preferred being known by his oratorical and oratorio works, rather than by his piano compositions.

Next month there will probably be a host of concerts to be recorded by

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FT. MYERS.

FT. MYERS, FLA., Oct. 28, 1886.

EDITOR KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW.—Your MUSICAL REVIEW is a very welcome visitor to me away down here in this little town of Ft. Myers, Fla., where there are no organs or net organs in this village of about 300 inhabitants. Is not that speaking musically well of so small a place? Here we have lots of people here, but not as well as elsewhere whose only love for it is as for anything else fashionable.

It is the first song of this class that I ever liked. This I consider the best, and I have only one to spend in commendation of the instrumental.

You can but find the thanks of every music teacher for the care you take in your Review, the fingering being so complete.

Yours, respectfully, M. M. G.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

PIPS FROM PRAIRIE-LAND, Minnie Gilmore—New York: Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co. confess to a prejudice against books of poems by young authors, but, in this case, the pictures, the puns, the punnings of the skies," etc., make one think that the youthful author has a good deal of originality and a good deal of taste. She is a sort of upholstering establishment or millinery shop. When they attempt sentiment, they not infrequently try the Byronic or the Elizabethan, and, in this case, the author has the pretensions of a female page on the stage is like the page of reality. Miss Gilmore is a good poet, but she is not a good poetess. Therefore, when we took up Miss Gilmore's very tastefully printed book of poems, to read it, we did so in a spirit of kindly interest, but with a certain degree of suspicion appointed. We read at first with suspicion, then with interest and finally with pleasure. Miss Gilmore is young yet, and as yet has not fully come into her own. She is the daughter of the influence of her favorite poets, not so much in manner as in method. She has the good fortune to be the daughter of a poet, and the fault in one of her age, her book, from cover to cover, has a breezy freshness which well befits its title. There is no sentimentality. Nature is natural and the sentiments are not pinhead—but the pure gold of a feeling soul. Miss Gilmore is a good poet, but she is not a good poetess. Therefore, when we shall look with pleasure for excellent work from her more than for her skill as a poet, we shall be disappointed. She is the daughter of the famous handmaster whose portrait graced our last issue. We spoke incidentally of this work in the biography of the skillful handmaster, and we shall be disappointed if she has not been influenced by him. Her poems are glances at the outside of its covers. Hence, our description of it was limited to the diplomatic, prudential statement that it was "not to be read." We repeat it, however, it is not only readable, it is quite meritorious.



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PROF. CHAS. W. LASON, Director of Claverack College, contributed to its magazine a series of lectures on the History of Music, accompanied by illustrations engraved.

Messrs. Auguste Baus & Co., with characteristic energy, have rebuilt the factory which fire destroyed so recently, and in rebuilding have considerably enlarged it. They are now making pianos of a larger size, and their determination is more determined than ever, they say, to make the Baus piano the boss piano of them all.

M. Gounod delivered a discourse at the annual public meeting of the Paris Academic, on the 25th ult., his subject being "The Art of Music in the Nineteenth Century." The French composer defined as "one of the three incarnations of the ideal of art." The opinion of Gounod's person is said to have partaken largely of the sentiment of a sermon.

DYONIS, the composer has not yet grasped all the peculiarities of the English language, as will be seen by the following copy of a telegram received by the Leeds (Eng.) Festival Committee, from the composer, who is now in the city: "I am coming to-day to Victoria. Will somebody meet me from the station, as I might not recognize the journey?"

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, published by the great patent attorney, George M. Carey, is one of the most valuable and useful publication of its kind in the country. Indeed, it occupies a field distinctively its own. Not alone for the mind of the scientific man, but also for the general public, for popular perusal and study. It is the standard authority on scientific and mechanical subjects. It is placed at a very low rate of subscription, \$1 per annum, which places it within the reach of all.

DURING a rehearsal of the new ballet, "Tirion," at the Eden Theatre, one of the four grooms, torn right off the mount, and dashed furiously over all the other riders, into the orchestra. The musicians, who saw the scene on the stage, were so frightened that they all fled, and the rider escaped personal injury. Violins and other instruments were smashed to pieces; and the rider, who had so pluckily kept his place, was so frightened that he fell off his mount, and twisted his wrist only. The grooms and frensies ultimately got the animal back to his stable, the rehearsal being abandoned for that day.

The election of Mr. George H. Chickering as president of the Handel and Haydn Society places one of Boston's first gentlemen in one of the most important musical positions of the country. Mr. Chickering is a man of great ability. Mr. Chickering has been prominently identified with the growth and development of Boston's musical life, and his talents, his business capacity, culture and refinement are so widely respected that the choice naturally fell upon him as the most worthy to represent the Society. The public will be named. It would seem evident that the Society's success will meet with a wide spread public approval.

THE FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY STIPENDIAL scholarship for composition, established by the German Emperor of Schleswig, formerly a scholar of the Royal Saxon Conservatory at Leipzig, and that for practicing musicians to the pianist and organist of the Royal Saxon Conservatory at Stuttgart. From the reserve fund of the bequest, smaller amounts are given to the pupils of the Royal Conservatory, the Royal Academic High School of Music at Berlin, and Gertrudine Morgan, also a pupil of the same Institute. Hermann Henckel, a pupil of the Royal Conservatory, and to the blind organist, Bernhard Planischl, of Leipzig. *—Mus. Zeitung.*

THE sudden death at Stratford, now Ontario, Canada, is announced of Mr. George W. Kennerly, a well-known Scotch vocalist. Being a British musician, no biography of him is to be found in Sir George Grove's "Dictionary." Mr. Davis, however, in his "British Singers," says that he was almost entirely self-taught. For some years he was a teacher of singing in the choir of the Scotch Presbyterian Church of the church. His concerts of Scotch song, and particularly his "Night of Burns," first became popular in Scotland, but eventually he came to America, and was much in demand through England and also through America, Africa and Australia. As a singer of Scotch songs, there was no greater favorite among Scotchmen in many parts of the world. *—London Figaro.*

I do not believe we are ever likely to see in England, at any rate in its Parthian form, the work of Adam and Eve, a fatality. The work, however, by Mr. Gaston, depicts the libretto by Blum and Bothe, produced recently at the Nouveau Théâtre, Paris, in which the young Adam, dressed with Madame Thea as Eve, surrounded by bevy of graceful Parisians, averaging the age of sweet sixteen, as angels. All are in a state of innocence, except the two, who, except their innocence, the music was light and sparkling, but arranged rather too to over-sophisticate. For the two, Adam and Eve, appear in the latest pantomime, a treasury of steam yachting on the Seine, with a chorus of steam whistles, and a scene of the two in a boat, with the continual noise of the letting off steam, are the accompaniments of this bold adaptation. The younger Brasseur made a very graceful Adam. The young Eve, with a very attractive, free-bending loins with the forbidden fruit, was Eve. *—London Figaro.*

ACCORDING to some chatty and interesting "Reminiscences of Mozart," contained in recent issues of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, the true author of the libretto of "The Magic Flute" was not the famous German poet, Emanuel Schikaneder, of Hall, who earned a precarious livelihood as a chorus-singer at the opera, but a certain Ignaz Holzbauer, a chorister at Vienna. The story of the book, it is added, is based upon Wieland's "Lulu," and Schikaneder's share in it amounts to something more than a partnership of convenience. These odd personages, Papageno and Papagena, although he has always been credited with the authorship of the opera, are the work of Holzbauer. The author of the book, however, executed body of Freemasons, and thinking himself suspected as the author, fled to America. He died in New York in 1820, from Vienna about the year 1790, and eventually became a highly-respected professor of natural history at Dublin.

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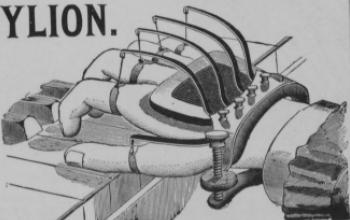
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MUSIC IN ST. LOUIS.

The local musical season was in reality inaugurated by the first concert of the Musical Union. The concert opened with a new work, St. Sämt's "Missa Brevis." The work was not one only from the standpoint of workmanship, for its six sons dore where Saint-Sämt's own originality. The work deserves at least one re-hearing during the season and we trust it will be given. The work was not the best in this rendering but we doubt not could do still better with more rehearsal. The work may be considered as being comparable to one unacquainted with the score. Mme. Bloomfield appeared with the orchestra in Robinson's "Lalla Rookh." The impression she made upon us at the time of her first appearance in this city last summer is still in our minds, but the mistress not of rarer ability than others but endowed with the higher and rarer ability of instant and complete absorption. This number, full short of what the work demanded of it—the whole, of course, sufficient to satisfy the requirements of the Union's being required to play the accompaniment to a piano concerto. We do not pretend to reflect unfavorably upon the ability of the orchestra, who we believe it possible for an orchestra that is so situated that it can have but very few soloists, to do either itself or the pianist Justice. Mme. Bloomfield gave a full and complete performance of the solo part, which was her own. We believe the general verdict agrees with our opinion that it was not a very good number. A quartette of ladies, bearing the not over euphonious name of "The Four Friends," sang a number in a very artistic manner. They sang with a finish that proved long and interesting. The "dilettante girl" and the "gushing giddy girl." It is a pity that four such good musicians as these should be compelled to sing in such an awkward collective name.

The concert as a whole was a great success and if it is to be taken as an earnest of the musical前途 of the Musical Union, promises them a series of musical trusts" such as they have not yet had.

A most excellent performance of "Homiletic Free Dispensary" and of which the following is the programme:

Plano and Recitation "Laces" (Miss Schiolden); Soprano Solo.

"Scene and Aria" from "Der Freischütz"; Contralto Solo.

"Love's Labour's Lost" (Miss Mathews); "Cottage Caprice on 'Anna

To Thee,'" Kieselhorst; Mr. Benoit; Baritone Solo.

"Love's Labour's Lost" (Miss Mathews); "Duet from 'Love's

Fairy Dance, Wedding March," Mendelssohn; Messrs. Kunkel and Kroeger; Soprano Solo.

"Love's Labour's Lost" (Miss Mathews); "Song des Fal," Dittersdorf; Miss Gray; Contralto Solo. "Sleep Thou my Child," Faust; "Song of the Vagabond," Dukas; "Song of the Vagabond," Kieselhorst; Soprano Solo. (Waltz Song) "Merrily I Roll Along," Schubert; Mrs. Steinberg; "Song of the Vagabond," Kieselhorst; Duo for two pianos "Etoile du Nord," Weilde.

Every number was faultlessly rendered and each was in the order of the evening.

In the evening there was an excellent dramatic soprano.

Mrs. Matthews the other soprano, we think, one of the best voices in the country. She has a clear, ringing voice as well as voice and proved it in the rendering of her selection.

Mr. Wiesmann is always masterly in his rendering of this country's best known mark. Mr. Benoit made his first appearance before the public on this occasion. His execution is a little rough, but he has a fine voice for to acquire a true, full tone.

Mr. Benoit has been blessed with such a goodly share of the world's greatest voices. So far as the public are concerned, more's the pity. Mr. Kieselhorst appears in his best form, and is a most excellent pianist and also flute—the latter being played by Mr. Kieselhorst. The alto fiddle is very sedentary—he is—it is a great pity.

Miss Schiolden was most excellently with the soprano flute.

Miss Mathews was very successful with her selection in a way that was highly creditable both to herself and her teacher.

Mr. Kroeger was also creditable to himself and her selection in a way that was highly creditable both to herself and her teacher.

Mr. Kunkel and Kroeger. The two grand Clickingers gave a grand performance.

The two grand Clickingers gave a grand performance that the most delicate shades were as distinctly audible in the remnant part of the evening.

The evening was set out for the benefit of the students at the residence of Dr. Parsons, dean of the college with the result that the money is continuing to roll in.

The college faculty repaired and had a jolly time.

A Hard Fate

It is indeed, to always remain in poverty and obscurity: be it known to all enterprising reader and avoid this. Go to Hausey & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full particulars about work that you can do and live at home in a private way, and earn from \$100 to \$200 a day. You have to pay as high as \$50 in a day. All is new. Capital required is \$100.

As a soporific once read that stammerers are never troubled while singing, and sought to impress this on his apprentice who was badly affected with the disease. "Sing, sing, sing," he said. "Mmm-mmm—th-th-th—" "Sing!" shouted the soporific, "Sing!" "Sing!" "Sing!" "Sing!" "Sing!" to the tune of Weber's "The Wreath."

"The stomach is all about the heart," he said.

"The heart is all about the lungs," he said.

"The lungs are all about the engine on it plays."

"I think the house is down for."

Further vocal selections were not necessary.—Ezra.

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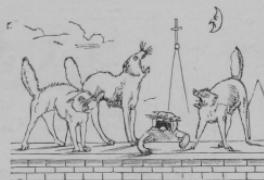
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FISHING.

One morning, when spring was in her teens—
A morn to a poet's wish,
All the world was green and greens—
Miss Bessie and I went fishing;

I, in my rough and easy clothes,
With my face at the sunshine's mercy,
She in her green gossamer,
And her nose tipped—vice versa;

I, with my rod, my reel, and my hooks,
And a hamper for lunching recesses;
She, with her green gossamer, looks;
And the scene of her golden tresses.

So we sat down on the sunny dike,
Where the white pond-lillies teeter,
And the water lily quinsie quinsie ick,
And she like Simona Petroni.

All the noon I lay in the light of her eyes,
And dreamily watched and waited;
But the sun went down, and would not rise,
And the bairns alang we bairns.

And when the time for departure came,
The bag was flat as a bounder;
But Bessie had neatly hooked her game—
And the cymbals and old-fangled powder.

HEAVY musical performances usually draw light houses,
It is remarkable how physical love music, one hardly
ever comes without bringing a vial in. Vials are the cymbals
of their profession.

“How do you like my new belt?” It was of shining
yellow leather, and was the most brilliant object at an
evening party, but isn't a brass band rather too loud?

“SAR, SAR!” said a colored waiter in a New York hotel to
TOMMY. “There is a long distance, as he was in the
victuals with his knife and fork, so you can eat out of any
biggish or dell' by nuffit lef' fo' de oder gummie.”

A St. Louis physician of note, who in his younger days was
a tea-seller, has a very decided aversion to tea, and for this
night, because, as he says, “You see, in that way they avoid
me, because they think I am a wreck or a heap of rubbish.”

“A paper thus describes a talkative female: “I know a lady
who talks so incessantly that she won't give an echo fair
play. She has a long, rattling rotund tongue that
an echo can't wait until she can catch it can hear her last
word.”

“WHAT, NEVER?” Never make fun of a poor singer. He
may have fallen on the ice when young and cracked his voice—
Philadelphia Chronicle—Which would make it a fall-sister
voice, and a right one for it. It ought to have made it a
nice voice in the lower register.

GEORGE SELWYN once advised in company that no woman
ever wrote a letter without a postscript. “My next letter shall
return to you with a postscript,” said a woman to her maid in
a letter from her ladyship, where, after her signature stood:

“E. S. will write right you for it.”

MISS CARY LAVINCE started last in Pittsburg the secretary
of a cremation society and came to her and wanted her to sing
for the benefit of its “furnace fund” and actually had the
impression that she was to be paid for it, so she gave her free
cremation whenever she should need it!

A勇敢 little boy who had been engaged in combat with
another boy, was reproved by his mother, who told him he
ought always to be a gentleman and never to fight with him.
“Well,” exclaimed the little hero, “but if I wait for the other
boy to begin, I'm afraid there will be no fight.”

ONE day Beethoven, who was on a pilgrimage with his wife, Beethoven,
met the famous pianist, after several days of having passed without
seeing him, when he asked if he had been indisposed. “No,
no,” said Beethoven. “I was not ill, but my hounds were, and as
I have only a single pair, I had to remain indoors until they
got well.”

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CARL ROSE is in Liverpool, looking after the scenery for Mr. Corder's new opera, *Novitiae*. The idea that the music relates to *The Bohemian Girl* is, of course, only Mr. Corder's little joke, though the musical theme is, of course, similar to the wondrous story unfolded by the poet, Juan. In Mr. Corder's opera the music is, of course, in the style of Novitiae Arline. Mr. Corder uses dialogue, but accompanies it throughout with music, after the manner of the operas of the great M. Massenet in *Messalina*. The chief parts will be played by Messdames Burns and Gaylord, Messrs. Sorel and Savary, and Mr. Corder himself, who will be the conductor. It is, in my opinion, the libretto of a new opera from the pen of a genuine of Birmingham. Good libretto writers are wanted, however enough.

ARMED SCENISTS in the Politeama Theatre, of Pisa, France, are recording in the journals of that country. The opera *Lucio di Lammermoor* was being given at the Politeama, and the critics were unanimous in their favorable opinion of the performance, especially the singing of Brambilla, applauding vigorously each air. The critics also spoke well of the scenery, which was, of course, to each of which was affixed a valuable name. At the close of the opera, the young man who had been the chief character in the drama, entered into conversation with her in box. After talking for a few moments, he suddenly exploded, and the young man went mad. Brambilla, the other day, said to me: "What is the matter with me? The other day my life is attained!" With these words he drew a revolver, placed the muzzle to his temple, pulled the trigger, and fell dead at the feet of the prima donna. Another fool gone.

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